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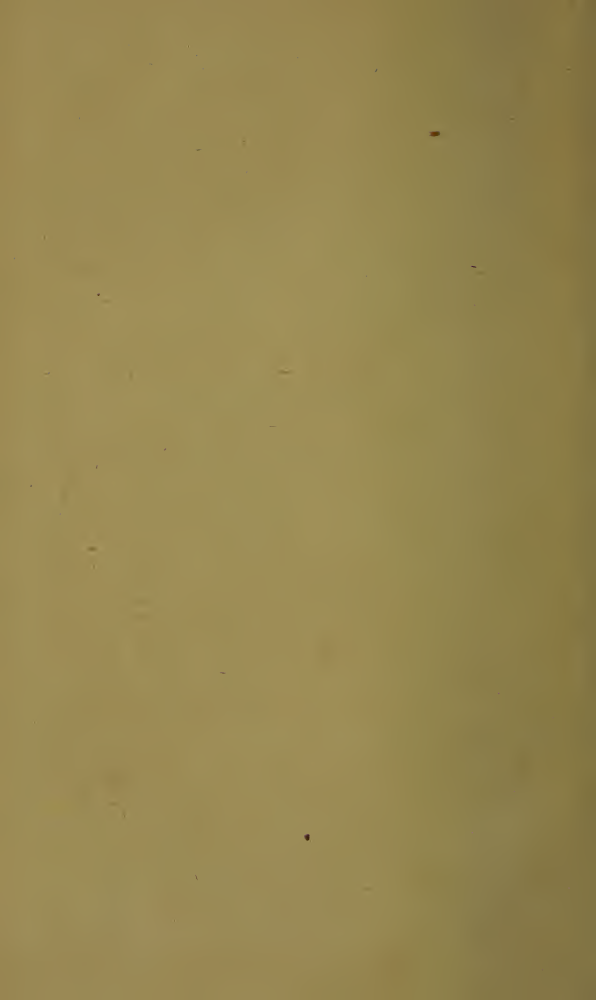
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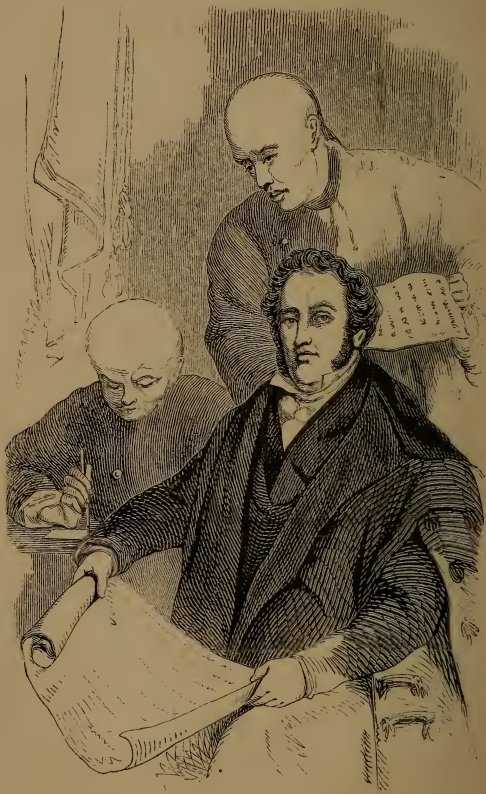
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DR. MORRISON AND HIS CHINESE TEACHERS.

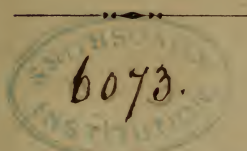
THE LIFE

OF

ROBERT MORRISON,

THE FIRST PROTESTANT MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

BY WM. A. ALCOTT, M. D.



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ROBERT MORRISON.

CHAPTER I.

HIS BIRTH AND EARLY EDUCATION.

ROBERT MORRISON was born January 5, 1782, at Morpeth, Northumberland Co., England. His father was a mechanic—a maker of lasts and boot-trees. It was a trade, however, which he appears to have taken up of himself, as he was at first a farmer. He was a most excellent man, and made it his great object to train up his children, of whom he had eight, according to the injunction of the apostle, “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.”

When Robert was about three years old his father removed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where, for aught which appears, he spent the remainder of his days. Here it was that Robert received his first impressions and his early education.

It must have been about this period of his life that he was first introduced into a Sunday school as a scholar. It has long been regretted that his memoir, published by his wife after his death, contains no account of the circumstances of that important event.

The following statement of them has been extensively published, both in England and America, and I am not aware that its correctness has ever been called in question. It purports to be based on the authority of the superintendent of the school which Morrison first attended.

“The superintendent saw a young lady come into the school; he went to her, and asked if she would like to be a teacher.

“‘If you have a class for me,’ she replied.

“‘I have none; but how would you like to go out into the street and get one?’

“At first she hesitated, but finally consented, went out, and found a company of ragged, dirty boys, and persuaded them to come and form a class. The superintendent told the boys that if they would come to his home he would give them each a suit of clothes.

“Next Sabbath she found *two* there, but young Morrison was missing. She sought him, found the truant, and brought him back with difficulty. The next Sabbath it was just so again, and so the

third Sabbath. After the fourth Sabbath, at the monthly meeting, she reported that she could no longer feel responsible for him. The superintendent, however, exhorted her once more to try to save him. At last she replied, 'Why, sir, the suit of clothes you gave him is all ragged and torn.'

" 'Well, if you go, I'll give him another suit if he will come to school.'

" So next Sabbath she hunted him up, and induced her truant boy to return once more. He called upon the superintendent the next week and got his suit of clothes; but lo! the next Sabbath he was again among the missing; and so it proved again and again, for four weeks more; so at the next monthly meeting she reported how unsuccessful she had been. 'I must give him up.'

“The superintendent said, ‘Why, it is hard to give him up and let him go to ruin.’ He exhorted the lady then to try it one month longer. She begged to be excused. ‘Why, that second suit you gave him has shared the fate of the first.’

“‘Well, well, never mind, if you will go and try it again, I will give him a third suit.’

“So she went and brought the boy back for the three following Sabbaths; but on the fourth Sabbath she found, to her surprise, little Morrison there in his place of his own accord, and from that time on he became a most interesting scholar. He was led to the Saviour, experienced religion, made great improvement, and became a mighty and useful missionary of the Christian Church.”

It does not appear that his father at first had any thoughts of giving him an education, nor is it certain he was, in a pecuniary point of view, able to do so. He was, moreover, the youngest of the family, which, in that country and in those days, was by no means in his favor.

He first went to school to an uncle, where he studied *hard* enough, but, as it appears, did not make much progress. He had, however, an excellent memory. When in his thirteenth year, we are told, he repeated, one evening, with the utmost accuracy, the whole of the hundred and nineteenth psalm; though we are not told how long he was in learning it.

I have said that his progress at first was slow. It is not a little remarkable that some of the most powerful minds

the world has seen have been, for a time, slow to expand. With the examples of Patrick Henry and the mathematician Daboll most persons are familiar.

At an early age he was apprenticed to his father, to learn the trade of a boot-tree and last maker. We are told that he was industrious in his calling, and made very satisfactory proficiency. His dutiful regard to his father and mother was particularly commendable. He was greatly attached to his mother; and she, on the other hand, possessed great influence over him. It is even said that among the sons he was her favorite. How far this favoritism extended I do not know, though it does not seem that he was injured by it, as might have been the result. He ever held her memory in the highest esteem.

He was, moreover, remarkable for his frankness and strict adherence to truth. He was often heard to say that he did not remember having uttered but one falsehood; and then, though there was no probability of his being detected, he could not rest till he had confessed his fault. This was an exceedingly good sign of future probity and usefulness.

And yet, notwithstanding his good conduct at home, and, in general, abroad, there were some few irregularities. Perhaps his father, in his stern old English rule, kept him a little too close, so that when he went abroad he was liable to go beyond the mark. I have seen boys kept under to an extent that led them to feel like so many wild bulls in nets, and to endeavor to break over their bounds when let loose.

When he was about sixteen years of

age he gave very satisfactory evidences of piety. We are not told whether he made at once a public profession of religion. His father appears to have been an elder of a Scotch Church in Newcastle; but the son joined another Church—the Presbyterian.

It has been remarked—particularly by the distinguished British writer, John Foster—that piety is a great quickener of the intellect. I have no doubt that it is so. Christianity is as philosophical as it is practical. It elevates as well as purifies the mind. I have been particularly struck with the truth of this in studying the character of Mr. Morrison. I have told you that he was naturally slow to learn; but after his conversion it was otherwise. His *love* of knowledge increased also, as well as his ability to pursue and acquire it.

CHAPTER II.

HIS EARLY STUDIES AND ENGAGEMENTS.

ON the first day of January, 1799, when he was within a few days of being seventeen years of age, Mr. Morrison commenced a journal, or diary, which he continued to keep for several years. This reveals many of his habits of mind and body, and is an interesting document. From numerous extracts from this journal, as published in his *Memoirs*, by Mrs. Morrison, his widow,—to which work I am chiefly indebted for the information contained in this sketch,—we may gather the following facts.

Mr. Morrison was, in the first place, an early riser. Day after day, and I

might almost say week after week, he rose at five o'clock. To this rule there are only four exceptions in all the numerous extracts from his journal which are given, (except Sundays,) and over one of these he mourned exceedingly—adding a resolution not to be caught so again.

It is to be regretted that so good a man as he should have fallen in, as he did, with the very general custom which then prevailed, and which prevails even now, of lying in bed later on Sunday mornings than at other times. If Sunday is of no authority whatever,—if, as some pretend, it is the same as all other days,—then we should rise as early on that day as on any other. But if it is a day to be kept holy in a special manner, it is most certainly a wicked thing to waste any part of it in bed.

I know there is an apology often made, that we are unusually fatigued on Saturday evenings, and therefore need to lie later on Sunday morning. But will such an apology be made by Christians? Will it satisfy their own consciences? Will it answer their purpose at the great, last tribunal? What right have they to get so fatigued as to be obliged to encroach upon the sacredness of the Sabbath?

Mr. Morrison was not only up early, in general, but he was awake while he was up. Few men have been more active. From twelve to fourteen hours were spent daily in manual labor, and only seven in bed. This, at most, left him but six hours for meals, devotions, and everything else. How he could do so much in the way of improving his mind and heart, and doing good to

others, in this scanty period, is probably inconceivable to most persons.

He was, even at this early period, fond of writing essays. The progress of this part of his labors was much facilitated by writing in short-hand. His journal, it would seem, was kept in the same way.

Among his studies, while at his work, were botany, arithmetic, and astronomy. Grammar is mentioned, but he seems to have learned this pretty thoroughly at school.

He read much, it is said ; and sometimes, though I believe rarely, he suffered his books and studies to beguile the hours till it was one or two o'clock in the morning. Even when at his work, he had a Bible or some other book open before him. Of the Bible, indeed, he was peculiarly fond.

He had a little garden, where he spent much of his leisure time in study, prayer, and meditation. His reading, it appears, was chiefly of a devotional kind.

The remark has been repeatedly made, that many men, celebrated for their cultivated talents, have had their minds fed with but few books. Dr. Johnson used to say of himself that he hardly knew whether he had ever read any book through but the Bible. Mr. Morrison had but few books within his reach. Hervey's Works, Romaine's Letters, Marshall on Sanctification, Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, and Henry's Commentary, are all that are mentioned, except perhaps a magazine or two, and, at a very early period of his life, a work on the Evidences of Christianity.

Among the magazines to which his attention was drawn was the Missionary Magazine, a monthly journal, then published at Edinburgh. This work—loaned to him by a friend—is supposed to have been the honored instrument of turning his mind toward the great subject of missionary labors.

But I have not yet mentioned all which he did. Among his engagements was one with a young religious friend of about the same age with himself. They met daily for reading, conversation, and other religious purposes, and for mutual improvement.

He was also a member of a “praying society,” which met every Monday evening in his father’s work-shop. On these occasions he often took a part in the devotional exercises. It is even intimated by his biographer that he be-

longed to a "Friendless Poor and Sick Society." Certain it is that both he and his young daily associate in reading went often to visit the sick, both in company and separate from each other. "During the whole of the year 1800 he was actively engaged in visiting the sick," says his biographer, "with whom he read the Scriptures and prayed, and to whose temporal relief he assigned, every week, a portion of his scanty earnings." And as if this were not enough for a young man of seventeen or eighteen, who worked as a mechanic twelve or fourteen hours daily, his Saturday evenings were often employed in seeking out objects of distress, whom he might thus visit and relieve.

I repeat, therefore, that if any one could find an excuse for lying in bed a little later on Sunday morning than on

other mornings, it was such a man as Mr. Morrison.

The intervals of his Sabbaths were employed partly in visiting and administering consolation to the sick and the aged, and partly in the instruction of poor children. He never failed to attend public worship, from his very youth, when such attendance was possible.

The sterling character of his piety is shown in other ways still. A lad was apprenticed to his father who greatly needed the watchful care of somebody. Over this lad young Morrison watched like a father, and more than a father. He not only instructed him in the great principles of religion, and gave him many counsels and cautions indispensable to his safety at a tender age, away from parents and home, but actually

took him aside, from time to time, to pray with him.

Such was the confidence reposed in him by his parents, that even at this early age he often conducted the domestic worship of his father's house. This is one of the most difficult duties of all. I do not say it is the most laborious; but all who have had experience in these matters know that it is at once delicate and difficult.

I must mention one thing more. It is not easy to say how much a person prays, because that which is the most truly prayer cannot be seen; yet, judging as well as we are able, Mr. Morrison, at this early period, was preëminently a man of prayer.

His biographer—she who survived him as his widow—thus says: “In prayer he was abundant. Rising in

the morning, he prayed ; amid the bustle and business of the day he retired to pray ; the society of his companions and friends he sanctified by prayer ; and, retiring at night, his day was closed in prayer. O, for an equal measure of his devotional spirit !”

CHAPTER III.

HIS HABITS AND STATE OF HEALTH.

WE have seen what was the education and what were some of the habits of a wonderful man—one whose name will be remembered while time endures, and cannot be forgotten when time passes away. But we have to observe with regret that his bodily powers were feeble, as is quite too often the case where we find a mind so brilliant and a heart so devoted to God and humanity. “Death,” as we have long heard, “loves a shining mark.”

“A feeble man,” you will say, perhaps, “and yet able to labor twelve or fourteen hours with his hands, and toil with his brain the rest of the time!

What does such an assertion mean? If here is not evidence that he possessed a very vigorous constitution, pray where could it be found?"

Let us look at the facts in the case. In his journal for the years 1799 and 1800 there are frequent references to headache, "an affliction from which, at intervals," says his biographer, "he suffered severely to the very close of his life. His mother was aware of its approach by the heat of his forehead, and was wont to watch this appearance with deep anxiety."

We are not expressly told that this complaint afflicted him before he was seventeen years of age, though we are assured it did not leave him afterward. The presumption is that it was constitutional—that he always had more or less of it from the very beginning of his

existence. This suspicion is strengthened, if not confirmed, by the following remark, which follows close upon the former: "Whatever might be the immediate cause of these symptoms, they betokened a constitution by no means robust, and were certainly unfavorable to the sedentary habits to which his life was ultimately devoted." They were equally unfavorable to the habits which he had thus early formed of taxing so constantly all his powers of body, mind, and soul. Men who are not very strong may endure, uninjured, twelve or fourteen hours a day of bodily labor, provided this is all; but when to this exercise of the body we join constant labor of the mind and continual anxiety of the soul, the individual must be more than human to endure it for a long life. Such men seldom pass the climacteric

period of sixty-three. Mr. Morrison fell short of it by ten or twelve years.

There is one other statement concerning Mr. Morrison's early health, which confirms the suspicion that he was never strong, and that the wear and tear of his early life, as I have described it, was all the while lessening his native stock of vitality, and preparing him for a premature death. He complained much of drowsiness. This was so great at evening that he was often compelled to retire to rest very early, even before the hour for family worship; and this, too, in some instances, when he had not sat up at his studies "till one or two o'clock" the night before.

When will the Church and the world, in this particular, learn wisdom? When will they learn to take such men as Mr. Morrison, and train their physical

powers as carefully as they do their moral and intellectual? When this blessed day arrives, the conversion of the world will not so linger as now. Let us learn from the past, and let us not only learn what is right, but perform it.

CHAPTER IV.

HE PREPARES TO BE A MINISTER.

It does not clearly appear that when Robert Morrison first began to do good he had the remotest thought of becoming a minister—above all, a missionary to foreign countries. He had acted under the impulse of that benevolence to which genuine piety always prompts, and done good as opportunity offered ; but of any higher aims we are not informed.

But doing good produces a love of the work ; and in being a doer of good on a small scale, he was led to desire to *become* a missionary. And, reader, whoever you are, remember that this is the way to make missionaries. They must

be trained from early life to do good. When every member of Christ's Church can be trained to *act* the missionary every day, there will be no want of self-denying men and women to go to China, or Japan, or other heathen countries. It will be much harder to induce them to stay at home than it now is to persuade them to venture abroad.

From Mr. Morrison's journal of June 19, 1801, we may extract this passage: "This day I entered, with Mr. Laidler, to learn Latin. I paid ten shillings and sixpence, the entrance money, and am to pay one guinea per quarter. I know not what may be the end—God only knows. It is my desire, if he pleases to spare me in the world, to serve the Gospel of Christ as he shall give opportunity."

Mr. Laidler was a minister, and, at

the same time, a teacher of youth. Mr. Morrison was now about half way in his twentieth year. In these days it may be thought a late period at which to begin the study of Latin, and it would most certainly be preferable to begin earlier. But Mr. Morrison had not his choice: he had done what he could in the circumstances. And it is difficult to conceive how he expected even now to be able to proceed with his studies. The expense was to be saved out of his earnings; and, in order to this, he must work just as much as before. Accordingly, he began and ended his twelve hours of labor at the same time as before, except that he sometimes continued them rather later in the evening. He recited to Mr. Laidler one hour, namely, between nine and ten in the forenoon. To make up for this hour he abridged

his sleep. This abridgment of his sleep was wrong, unless he was in the habit of sleeping too much, which is hardly probable. So was another habit—that of studying at his meals. Yet it would have been difficult, at that age, to convince him of his error.

He studied with Mr. Laidler a year and a half. At the end of this time he had not only acquired a tolerable knowledge of the Latin language, but the rudiments also of Greek and Hebrew. His perseverance under difficulties was as great as his love of learning, and both seemed to be unconquerable.

He was more and more impressed with the duty of becoming a minister; but how he should accomplish it he could not see. Whether he had at this time begun to think of becoming a foreign missionary is not so certain, but it

is by no means improbable. His teacher, who understood very well his character, did not discourage him; on the contrary, he took every suitable opportunity for cheering him up and pressing him gently onward in the cause to which he found him so devotedly inclined.

His attention was directed at this time to Hoxton Academy, afterward Highbury College, an institution near London, designed to prepare the sons of Evangelical Dissenters for the ministry. Greatly desirous of attending it, he wrote for admittance. He was duly received by the committee, and requested to enter immediately. He arrived in London January 6, 1803—the very next day after he was twenty-one years of age.

He was not without his trials. For

some time past his father's health had been declining, and, on many accounts, it seemed desirable that the son should remain with him, and continue the business. It is not, therefore, wonderful that the father should be opposed to his pursuing his studies. And then he had scarcely arrived at the college, and entered on his studies, before a request came more pressing than ever—the father almost demanded his assistance.

Many, no doubt, regarded him as over-ambitious, many as rash, and some as actually disobedient and hard-hearted. But he had “counted the cost;” and, though he wished much to return to his father, he could not see it to be his duty. He concluded, therefore, to remain, and did so.

He entered with all his youthful ardor upon those various branches of

sacred and classical literature which were pursued in the institution. Practically, the seminary was a school of theology. While here he formed an acquaintance with several young men who afterward became deservedly prominent.

It is scarcely necessary to enter into particulars concerning his studies at Hoxton. I will only say that all went on well and satisfactorily. Mr. Morrison grew in favor with all who knew him, and was truly regarded as a bud of much promise to the Church and to the nation.

His miscellaneous labors among the sick, the poor, &c., on week-days, and among the children on Sundays, were continued. Social meetings, too, he attended whenever he had opportunity. From the services of the Church on the Sabbath, if in health, he never absented

himself. While there, he began to preach occasionally. First, he preached in a work-house; after that he preached for an itinerant society in the villages round about London; and, in some instances, he was sent to greater distances, and to larger congregations, both in the city and country.

CHAPTER V.

HE DETERMINES TO BE A MISSIONARY.

WHETHER Mr. Morrison had or had not thought much about becoming a foreign missionary prior to his going to Hoxton, it is quite certain that while there the subject forced itself upon his mind more and more; and, to increase his attention, it was represented to him, by the officers of the institution, as a thing highly desirable, that some individual of talents not unlike his own should at once volunteer for this service. But he was just now becoming ardently devoted to study. There were temptations both ways. An offer had been made him to pursue his studies free of expense, if he would remain, at one of

the Scotch universities. This last he knew, moreover, would gratify his aged father, although it was becoming every day more and more apparent that his father was ready to acquiesce in what seemed to be the will of Divine Providence.

But the greatest difficulty lay in another direction still. It appears that as early as his eighteenth year he had become engaged—or partially so—to marry a young woman at Newcastle. The attachment on both sides was sincere, and was undiminished, notwithstanding the absence of Mr. Morrison, till he began to talk of going forth as a missionary: then she was unwilling to accompany him to foreign countries.

All these obstacles did not suffice to shake his determination, and he accordingly proceeded to offer himself to the

directors of the London Missionary Society. He was examined, and on the same day received, namely, on May 28, 1804, when he was a little more than twenty-two years of age.

There was at this period a small missionary academy at a place called Gosport, under the care of a venerable man by the name of Bogue. Thither it was determined to send Mr. Morrison till it should be decided what was the best field for him.

Three or four stations were thought of by the committee. One was the interior of Africa; another was the Prince of Wales Island, in the Straits of Malacca; a third was China. After considerable discussion and delay, it was determined to send him to China.

It was intended at first to send out to China a company of three or four

persons ; but some who were appointed refused to go. Other difficulties had also arisen. It was finally concluded to send out Mr. Morrison single-handed.

The good man tried in vain to persuade somebody to accompany him, not doubting that if a worthy man should volunteer his services the authorities would appoint him. But they were not brought to the trial ; for all the wit, and eloquence, and pathos, and piety of Mr. Morrison were not sufficient to prevail with one of his friends to join his standard.

In May, 1805, he went from Gosport to London, to attend the annual meeting of the Missionary Society, and such other meetings as had a similar character and object. These, as he afterward stated, were of great service to him, especially at that juncture.

He returned to Gosport, where he continued his missionary studies till August, when he went again to London, to obtain some knowledge of medicine and astronomy, which he justly thought might prove serviceable to him; also to obtain, if possible, a little knowledge of the Chinese language.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS MISSIONARY STUDIES IN LONDON.

HE found no considerable difficulty in obtaining access to lectures, in London, on astronomy and medicine. To both these sciences for some time he gave the closest possible attention. The family in which he resided were struck with his strict economy in the management of his time—so unlike what they had observed in only ordinary students. He rose very early, and every moment which was not devoted to study was spent in trying to make some one within the range of his influence either wiser or better. A female domestic, highly esteemed in the family, was, by his indefatigable exertions, brought to a sav-

ing acquaintance with the Gospel. I have said that he improved every moment of his time not allotted to study; but it would be difficult to say what time *was not* allotted to study, for he was *always* studying, except during the six hours which he now assigned to sleep. I have before told you that he carried a book with him to the table, and that he had something before his eye always while at work. He went still further now. The family with whom he boarded lived a long way from the place where he attended lectures, and it was his custom not only to walk to and from the lectures for his health's sake, but to read and study as he walked along.

This statement is not made in commendation, for I do not think such a practice ought to be imitated. But it

shows Mr. Morrison's character—it shows of what material the man was made who became so useful and distinguished in after life.

It has been already observed that one object which Mr. Morrison had in view in spending a winter in London was to obtain, if possible, some acquaintance with the Chinese language. There was at this time in the city a young Chinese, tolerably well educated according to the customs of his country, whose name was Yong-Sam-Tak. An arrangement was made by the friends of Mr. Morrison, and he forthwith proceeded to take lessons of the young Chinaman.

But his task was a difficult one. The natives of China are proverbially domineering, and Yong-Sam soon gave evidence that he belonged to the race. Mr. Morrison submitted as well as he

could ; for he had learned, in the progress of a long discipline, not to be discouraged by small obstacles.

On one occasion, happening to throw into the fire a small bit of paper, on which he had written some characters that he had been committing to memory, Sam's indignation was so much roused that for three days afterward he refused to give him any lessons. To avoid the possibility of repeating the offense, Mr. Morrison procured and wrote on little pieces of tin, which the fire could not at once destroy, if, in his absence of mind, he should happen to throw them into it.

As soon as he could write Chinese he proceeded to the work of copying books. There was at this time in the British Museum a manuscript version of the New Testament, in the Chinese lan-

guage. The Royal Society of London had also a manuscript Latin and Chinese Dictionary. Both these manuscripts—such was his diligence—he transcribed, word for word, in a very few months, besides attending faithfully to his other studies and duties.

When Mr. Morrison was on a visit to England, in 1824, he attended a public meeting in that country, at which he presented his Chinese version of the Bible. At this meeting, a Mr. Butterworth came forward, and made the following statement. I need not say to whom it referred.

“It is now many years ago that, in visiting the library of the British Museum, I frequently saw a young man who appeared to be deeply occupied in his studies. The book he was reading appeared to be in a language and char-

acter totally unknown to me. My curiosity was awakened, and, apologizing to him for the liberty I was taking, I ventured to ask what was the language that engaged so much of his attention?

“‘The Chinese,’ he modestly replied.

“‘And do you understand the language?’ I said.

“‘I am trying to understand it,’ he added; ‘but it is attended with singular difficulty.’

“‘And what may be your object,’ I asked, ‘in studying a language so proverbially difficult of attainment, and considered to be even insuperable to European talent and industry?’

“‘I can scarcely define my motives,’ he remarked. ‘All that I know is that my mind is powerfully wrought upon by some strong and indescribable impulse; and if the language be capable of being

surmounted by human zeal and perseverance I mean to make the experiment. What may be the final result time only can develop.'"

A remark in his diary, which has reference to this period, will show, in his own way and manner, how indefatigably he applied himself to what was before him :—

"After my arrival in London I was exceedingly busy, running from one place to another, and attending to medicine and the Chinese language. The Lord, in much mercy, granted me health and strength to go on in the good work. On the 8th of October Yong-Sam-Tak came to live with me, to teach me the Chinese language, in which I am daily making a little progress."

He soon after abandoned the study and practice of medicine, and applied

himself more closely than before to mathematics and astronomy. But his great study, after all, was the Bible. He said in his diary, about this time, "I am ashamed when I see how diligent Yong-Sam is in reading the books of Confucius, and how little I read the Holy Scriptures—the book of God."

His attention was directed occasionally to all sorts of people, wherever he saw before him the slightest prospect of doing them good. In a letter to a brother, written about this time, he thus says: "I have this evening been preaching to some black people, who are gathered together, and formed into a society by some devoted people among us. There was present a black soldier, who plays on the cymbals, and who, our friends hope, is a truly gracious man."

This, however, is only a single in-

stance of his efforts to do good. He preached in factories, to charitable societies, to boatmen, to children, to anybody, in short, who would hear him, but especially to those who seemed to be neglected by everybody else.

A little while before he was to set out for China he visited his friends at Newcastle, to bid them farewell,—some of whom, however, were no longer among the living. His visit was short. He loved them as well as ever, perhaps better than ever; but he began to feel somewhat as our Saviour did when he said to his wondering father and mother, and other earthly friends, who knew almost nothing about the missionary spirit, “Wist ye not that I must be about my Father’s business?”

CHAPTER VII.

HE SAILS FOR CHINA.

THE year 1807 had now arrived. On the 8th of January of this year he was regularly and formally ordained a minister of the Gospel among the heathen. Two other missionaries, by the names of Gordon and Lee, were ordained at the same time, to go to Hindostan. Mr. Morrison was now just twenty-five years of age.

He was to go out by the way of New-York. One reason for going by this route was that he might obtain a residence in the American factory at Canton. There were at that period strong prejudices in England, and all parts of India where the British had influence,

against missionaries ; while in the United States, and consequently in their factory at Canton, the prejudice was not so great. It was difficult for anybody to obtain permission to settle there as a place of residence—above all, for missionaries to do so.

How different from the state of things in 1854, less than half a century later ! We see the whole East—Japan itself hardly excepted—open for the reception of all sorts of people, missionaries as well as others ! Well may we say, “What hath God wrought !”

It was a great thing in those days to go to China, above all, as a missionary. The society that sent him out, therefore, not only gave him a long letter of Christian counsel, but also a code of general instructions. Missionary boards in these days would have no time for much else,

if to every missionary, or to every group of missionaries, that go out, they were to give but half the attention which was paid to Mr. Morrison.

Among other things alluded to in their instructions, two are remarkable.

1. They say, "You *may* have the honor of forming a Chinese Dictionary, more comprehensive and correct than any preceding one ; or the still greater honor of translating the sacred Scriptures into a language spoken by a third part of the human race." How almost prophetic this was we shall hereafter see.

2. But they also exhort him to endeavor to be ever useful to those around him, in all sorts of ways which the Divine Providence may open by conversation, lectures, teaching, &c.

As to the means of support on his

contemplated mission he was not over anxious on that subject; yet, to quiet his relatives and friends, in a letter to his father, he said thus: "I have letters of introduction to a great many Christian friends in New-York, who will endeavor to obtain for me a residence in the American factory at Canton. The society puts into my hand seven hundred and fifty dollars, which I am to keep untouched till I arrive at China, as I have my passage paid. I have, moreover, one hundred dollars for current expenses. They give me likewise letters of credit, to the amount of one thousand dollars, on persons at Canton, Malacca, and Prince of Wales Island. I am instructed to act very much as circumstances may arise, and to provide, either in whole or in part, for myself, if I possibly can."

It was reported, both before and after he sailed, that he went out without any means of support on his arrival, and that he would have no certainty of getting his livelihood, except by taking profiles. But this was a mistake. He had, indeed, learned to take profiles; and as Paul went out on his missionary excursions qualified to make tents, so he went out with apparatus for taking profiles, should he find it necessary or convenient to do so. However, he was fully authorized to draw on the treasurer of the London Missionary Society, at any time, for whatever money he really needed.

He left London, January 28, 1807, for Gravesend, there to wait the arrival of the ship in which he was to sail for New-York. He was alone, but Messrs. Gordon and Lee had their wives with

them. The ship which was expected arrived on the 31st, and at twelve o'clock he embarked in her. The Missionary Society had sent with him to Gravesend one of their secretaries, and many friends had also accompanied him. He bade them farewell, and the vessel immediately set sail on its long voyage.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE VOYAGE TO CANTON.

THE name of the ship in which they sailed was the Remittance. She was detained a long time in the British Channel by unfavorable winds. During the detention a violent gale sprung up, which sunk many vessels and drove ashore others, and the Remittance herself narrowly escaped.

It was not, indeed, till almost the end of February that they left their native shores; and then, on their approach to the United States, they experienced many gales and much unfavorable weather. The result was that they were one hundred and nine days in reaching New-York. This, to us who

cross the Atlantic now in one-eleventh part of the time, seems a very long voyage.

Mr. Morrison kept a journal of the voyage; but, to us of modern times, who have read and heard so much of ocean scenes and ocean storms and adventures, it possesses very few charms. The greatest of these is its wonderful vein of piety. Mr. Morrison was a man, most surely, of whom the world knew but little, and of whom, as of the apostles of old, it was not worthy.

I will venture to relate two or three short anecdotes of the voyage, as they are somewhat striking and highly instructive. The first relates to a danger which occurred in the night.

“The sea ran mountains high, and the atmosphere was so thick with snow that we could not see the length of the ship

around us. In the midst of our extremity an alarm was raised that the ship was on fire, owing to the bursting of some bottles of vitriol. The pilot and one of the men leaped into the mizzen-chains, in order to jump overboard,—which was to cast themselves into the arms of death,—as they preferred death in that form to being burned to death. Happily, however, the other men had courage enough to seize the bottles and push them overboard.”

The other anecdote referred to was of a very different character. During a storm, scarcely less severe than the other, when they were about to cut away the masts, Mr. Morrison chanced to hear a colored man say something which sounded in *his* ear like “It sinks!” For a minute or two he thought all were going to the bottom.

His fears were confirmed when, on asking the colored man what he said, he shook his head, saying, "It is no matter." But he soon found that the man was saying something about the good condition of the pump; and, instead of saying, "It sinks," he had only said to the captain, "It sucks."

They had the happiness, in one or two instances, on their passage, to be able to relieve distress. Eleven persons, in one instance, on board of a brig which was sinking, were taken off and saved.

They arrived in New-York on the 20th of April, and stopped at the City Hotel. Here they received letters from their friends in England, who, knowing something of the dangers they had encountered, had written on to them at New-York. Of course, they replied to them as quickly as possible.

While in New-York they formed many valuable acquaintances. They also went to Philadelphia, to “make as much interest as possible” with the general government relative to obtaining the protection of the American consul at Canton.

Before finally leaving New-York they received a letter from Mr. Madison, then secretary of state, directed to Mr. Carrington, the United States consul at Canton, requesting him to do all in his power on their behalf.

They sought a long time for vessels going to Canton, but could find none. One vessel they found going to India, but as the captain was afraid of offending the British government, he absolutely refused to take any passengers. They at length found a vessel bound to Canton, but the owners would not take

passengers for less than one thousand dollars !

How Messrs. Gordon and Lee got along, in the end, I cannot say ; but Mr. Morrison was fortunate enough, after long search, to find a vessel bound to Canton, which would take him out at a reasonable price. It was called the Trident.

There is a good anecdote of Mr. Morrison as he was about leaving New-York. Stepping into the counting-room to arrange his business matters, he met with just such a man as you will often find in the world. It was easy to be seen, in his whole character, features, words, and actions, that he looked upon Mr. Morrison as a pitiable enthusiast. As the latter was about to leave, he turned toward him with a sardonic grin, and said, "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really

expect that you will make an impression upon the idolatry of the great Chinese empire?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Morrison, with more than his usual sternness: "I expect God will."

The man of money said no more, nor did Mr. Morrison.

The Trident sailed from New-York May 12, 1807. Of the particulars of the voyage little is known. A journal was kept, but it was afterward lost. We learn one thing, however, that Mr. Morrison kept himself so closely confined to his studies—Hebrew, Greek, and Chinese—as affected his health. We also learn that he was afflicted with sea-sickness, as he had been in the British Channel on first sailing; but his sickness was short.

In just ninety days from the time of

leaving New-York they came to Java ; and in one hundred and thirteen days they anchored in Macao Roads. In general their voyage was favorable ; but they had severe gales for the last month, after they arrived in the Indian Ocean.

Mr. Morrison's health suffered not a little during his journey. He was troubled with what he called a superficial inflammation, and also with headache. He attributed it to living so long on salt provisions ; but he had lived on them very little longer in this instance than he did on his voyage from Gravesend to New-York, and yet he did not suffer so much at that time. It must be remembered—what the missionary seems to have forgot—that in this part of the voyage he studied harder than ever before. “From morning till midnight,” said he, in a letter to his friend, “I am

engaged; and then there is much left undone." A man who studies from morning till midnight, and takes but little exercise, must expect to have headache: happy if he escapes so well even; especially if, like Mr. Morrison, he is constitutionally subject to headache.

CHAPTER IX.

ARRIVAL AT CANTON.

THE Trident arrived at Canton September 7. The noise and bustle as they landed, about eight o'clock in the evening, were, as the missionary said in his journal, *extreme*. There was the rowing of boats, the working of ships, and thousands of Chinese talking and hallooing one to another. "Among their boats," says he, "I saw thousands of little splinters of wood, similar to our matches, lighted up in honor of their imaginary divinities." Surely he was on heathen ground now, without the possibility of mistake !

His first residence was, as he desired, in one of the factories occupied by

American gentlemen, to whom he had been introduced by letters from New-York. These gentlemen received him with much kindness, and did all they could to render his situation at once comfortable and useful. Mr. Carrington, the consul, had also showed him great kindness, and had offered him a room in his house, which for various reasons was not accepted.

He dared not be known at first as an Englishman, but passed for an American. How he could honestly pass thus I do not quite understand; but such was his strict conscientiousness in all other matters that I am sure there must have been some reason for this course which does not readily appear.

His first efforts were directed to the work of becoming master of the Chinese language. Yong-Sam had not yet ar-

rived in the country. Sir George Staunton, an English friend, procured for him as a teacher one Abel-Yun, a Roman Catholic Chinese, from Peking. He was also aided somewhat by another young Chinese, by the name of Le-Sëensang.

Besides acquiring the Chinese language as fast as possible, as well as to aid him in this very process, he engaged in translating a Latin-Chinese Dictionary, which he carried out with him. The work seems to have been very laborious, and not a little difficult.

His correspondence, moreover, was no trifle. To his friends in England alone he wrote, during his voyage out to China, no less than seventy-five letters! The man that would do this would be likely to write letters in other circumstances, as well as to other people.

His righteous soul, like that of Lot in olden time, was vexed at the ungodliness which he found in Canton, even among those of whom he had hoped better things. Le-Sëensang informed him that the Christians in Canton—Roman Catholics I suppose—were accustomed to do business on the Lord's day as much as on any other.

He was sorely tried, too, with the extravagant living of the English Christians in Canton. One reason he had for obtaining a place in the American factory was that he might escape this. "It would be impossible," said he, "for me to dwell amid the princely grandeur of the English who reside here."

Of course, he was tried with the abominations of idolatry; but for this he was in some measure prepared. Their splendid illuminations to their de-

mons—their theatrical performances in presence of their idols—their repasts of fruits, wine, cakes, fowls, roasted pigs, &c., placed before them—together with the burning of small sticks, paper, candles, fire-works, &c.—were as disgusting to him as they were ridiculous.

Something had been said, prior to his arrival at Canton, and perhaps subsequently, about sending out another missionary to Canton. “A doctor,” said he, “is the best character to pass unnoticed by the Chinese at Canton. Doctors come in vessels—doctors are necessary at the factories.” Dr. Parker, the American missionary, has had some experience of this during the last twenty years, and has done much good, as well as other medical missionaries.

Mr. Morrison felt most lonely on Sundays. Several times, in his letters

and journals, he alludes to their loss. The following is as apt a quotation as any I can make:—

“To-day [it was Sunday, September 27] I confine myself entirely to my room. In the forenoon, and also in the afternoon, I sing a psalm or hymn, as in public worship; pray and sing again. Instead of hearing or preaching a sermon, I read the Scriptures. Without seeking some variety my mind would grow fatigued.”

During his whole residence at Canton he was annoyed by the disposition among the Chinese to take advantage of him in all pecuniary matters. They contrived always to get as high prices for everything as they could; and in one instance, as he said, they cheated him out of thirty dollars directly.

In January, 1808, he tried to get up

a religious meeting at his own room. His purpose was to invite, by note, three or four Americans whom he knew. But the one to whom he addressed the first note told him he thought it would not be agreeable to them. He therefore gave it up, after reading and praying with the individual who had come in.

During the spring of this year his health failed. Without seeming to be affected by any particular disease except debility, he became so weak as to be unable to walk across his room. The causes were various. Climate no doubt had something to do with it; but his unremitting application to study, without sufficient air and exercise, was much more influential, and his mental anxiety and trials still more so.

A physician was consulted, and it

was at length decided that he should remove, for a season, to Macao.

Through the kindness of Dr. Pearson, whom as his physician he consulted, and other friends, he was at length on his road from Canton to Macao.

CHAPTER X.

H E R E S I D E S A T M A C A O .

ON the first day of June, 1808, he embarked for Macao. The distance of Macao from Canton is something less than one hundred miles. It is a small island, belonging to the Portuguese, and containing from forty to fifty thousand inhabitants.

Here, in a very short time, his health began to improve, and he resumed his old employments of translating the Chinese language, studying it, &c. Meanwhile his old friend Yong-Sam-Tak had arrived from England, and he was glad to avail himself of his services from time to time, as he found those services convenient or necessary.

It has been seen that he went out to China unmarried. We have also seen that he suffered much from loneliness and depression of spirits. In the beginning of the year 1809, being a resident in the family of a Dr. Morton, an Irish gentleman at Macao, he became very much attached to Miss Morton, the eldest daughter. The family were amiable and excellent people, and some of them religious.

Under the influence of Mr. Morrison, the daughter became decidedly pious. This fact no doubt laid the foundation for that esteem of which I have spoken. It ripened into a friendship of the highest order. They were married February 20, 1809.

Another circumstance, though of less importance than the foregoing, deserves to be mentioned. On the very day of

his marriage, the East India Company's factory at Canton offered him a salary of two thousand five hundred dollars a year, to serve them as their translator. He could not hesitate about accepting their generous offer ; for, though it would employ a portion of his valuable time, yet it would be employing it in a way which would tend to make him more and more familiar with the Chinese language ; and this, to him, as a pioneer in the work of missions, was a highly important object. Besides, as he was not yet permitted to preach, he must be content to do what he could in the mean time : and when Divine Providence should open a door to greater usefulness he could resign his secular office for one to which he would then be prepared so much the better to apply himself.

It was indeed rumored in England, soon afterward, that he had given up his missionary labors, and betaken himself to other employments ; but the mistake was corrected in due time, and the truth became so fully understood that no permanent blame ever attached to him.

There was indeed one danger to be apprehended,—a danger, however, which, in his zeal, he was apt to lose sight of,—that of breaking down his health. The almost constant confinement to which his employments subjected him left him little time for exercise, and still less of disposition to avail himself of what time he had. Then the climate was unfavorable to him, in some of its aspects and features. True, he was pretty abstemious ; but temperate men need exercise.

Having entered into the service of the East India Company, he was under the necessity of spending a considerable portion of his time at Canton, whither, however, he did not think it best to remove his family.

His health was better than it had been before he went to Macao; and yet it was by no means as good as it had been before he left England. No man so devoted to literary pursuits, and so neglectful of exercise, could be healthy.

And yet, in saying he neglected to use proper exercise, perhaps I use too harsh a term. So far as walking abroad in the open air was necessary or useful to his health, he seems to have been deprived very largely of the opportunity by his circumstances. It was desirable, as he thought, to shun

observation, particularly in Macao. It was said of him that he never walked out in that city, for a long time after his arrival there, except once in the night, and then he was under the escort of two Chinese.

CHAPTER XI.

DOMESTIC AFFLICTIONS.

Good men are tried in a great many different ways. It was so, of course, with Mr. Morrison; but, in addition to his numerous other trials, to some of which I have adverted, a new one was now added, of a very different kind from any to which he had ever before been subject.

It is not stated that Mrs. Morrison's health was not as good as that of the average of her sex till after their marriage; but now, toward the end of the year 1809, when they had scarcely been married a year, Mrs. Morrison began to suffer very greatly from chronic disease. As Mr. Morrison was obliged

to be in Canton about half the time, her circumstances became to him a source of much painful anxiety and not a little trouble ; so that while by marriage he sought for mental quiet, he had seemed to remove himself further from it than before.

In his letters written during the years 1809 and 1810, he speaks often of the ill health of his wife, as a source of much anxiety to him : “ It would be all easy,” says he, on a certain occasion, “ were Mary well.” In another instance he goes a little more into particulars : “ A nervous disease,” says he, “ strongly agitates body and mind.”

To add to Mrs. Morrison’s troubles, as well as those of her husband, her relatives, as it would seem, returned about this time to Europe.

It may serve to show the reader the

nature of some of his trials, in connection with his wife's ill health, to say that while he was at Canton, from time to time, and she ill at Macao, he would be often summoned home so suddenly that he was glad to be transported almost one hundred miles in the first native boat he could procure, not only at considerable expense, but at the hazard of being taken up by the officers of the government.

About this time he lost a child. Here was a new trial. There was even a trial about the burial: the Chinese, at first, refused to let them bury the child at all in Macao; but it was at length permitted. It was buried on a hill top, at the northern extremity of the city. In general the Chinese bury their dead on the sides of hills—they have no cemeteries.

In January, 1812, he says: "My

beloved Mary is still subject to her former nervous complaint, and I fear will be always so."

In October 19, of the same year, he says: "My poor dear Mary is occasionally much afflicted." It seems she had again become a mother; for he says: "The Lord be gracious to her, and bless her and the little babe, for Jesus's sake."

In January, 1815, Mrs. Morrison's health still continuing to be bad, a sea voyage and a change of climate were recommended to her. On much reflection, it was concluded to have her go to England. She set sail, with two children, on the 21st of January.

This was another sore trial for Mr. Morrison, as it left him to pursue his work alone for six years. However, her health was, in the end, improved by

her voyage. She sailed, on her return to China, April 23, 1820, and in due time arrived at Macao. She did not, however, survive the birth of her third child.

Her remains were buried under the town wall ; for the stupid Chinese would not let him deposit them on the hill, near those of his child.

What now should he do with his two children ? This was a very important question. " My son John, if God spare us both, I mean," said he, " to bring up as a Chinese scholar." He resolved to take him with him to Canton. Respecting his daughter, he added, " I wish she could be serviceable to the heathen." They were, however, subsequently sent to England, and placed at school there.

It should have been stated before now, that Mr. Morrison's troubles, both

at Canton and Macao, were greatly increased by political difficulties, which, about this period, sometimes amounted almost to open war. In one instance nearly every Englishman, unless it were Mr. Morrison himself, deemed it essential for a short time to leave Canton. In time, however, this tumultuous state of things partly subsided, and he had no serious difficulties left him but such as arose from his own headaches and other illnesses, and the troubles and trials which inevitably grew out of his condition.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS LABORS AS A MISSIONARY.

It has been mentioned already that Mr. Morrison was obliged, with a single exception, to hold his meetings on the Sabbath by himself, however much, for the sake of his own personal improvement and growth in grace, he regretted it.

We find, however, from his journal of June 19, 1808,—which was Sunday,—that he was able to collect a few together at Macao, to hear him read. “My people,” he says,—by which I suppose he means his Chinese teachers and his domestics,—“remained with me part of the day, and we read.” But they deserted him in the afternoon; and so they did the next Sabbath. On

July 3 he thus writes: "My Chinese remained with me all the day, and read, which added to my comfort. I can speak to them, in a stammering way, of the truths of the Gospel, without seeing yet, however, any effect: truths which are the joy of my heart, excite in them a smile. This, though to be expected, gives me pain."

July 10 he had another opportunity of a similar kind. But on July 17 he asked one of his "people" to read with him, upon which he absented himself four hours! In the evening, as he adds, one of them drank wine, and another quarreled and fought! How little do we know of missionary trials in those days, especially in China!

Again, however, we find him securing their attention. Two instances of the kind are mentioned during the month

of September. On another Lord's day he gave away tracts to some black men, as he calls them—Africans I suppose they were.

Again, November 6—the Sabbath—one of his domestics was with him.

November 13 he says, "Mr. Morton's family was with me the whole day." This must have been cheering.

In the year 1809 he had made some further advances. On the 8th of June, at Macao, he commemorated the death of Christ in the usual way; on which occasion Miss Morton, who became soon after his wife, was present, and made a profession of her faith. Others were present. He explained to them the nature of the Lord's supper. Again, several weeks later, he says, "Partook of the Lord's supper with Miss Morton and family."

On several Sabbaths of October, 1812, we find him preaching to his people, as he calls them ; and sometimes he speaks of their being very attentive. One of them asked him to teach him to pray. He speaks of four being present to hear him on the 18th of October. This, to him, must have been quite an audience !

Early in the year 1813 we find him preaching, almost every Lord's day, to a small number. April 11th he says : " There were present only Low-Hëen, A-Fo, A-Pan, A-Sam, and A-Chin." But this small number of five persons was better than naked walls. The next Sabbath he had six hearers. May 9th he had ten hearers.

On the 4th of July, 1813, he was joined at Macao by the Rev. Mr. Milne and his family, who were sent out from

England by the same society that sent Mr. Morrison. This, of course, was cheering. Mr. Milne had been long expected.

From this time forth he was able, for the most part, to speak to a greater or smaller number of persons as often as the Lord's day recurred, both in Canton and Macao. Mr. Milne also, before the close of the year, is spoken of as preaching to a few Europeans.

December 12th Mr. Morrison thus writes, but I do not know whether from Canton or Macao: "Had nine persons at the time of worship. Brother Milne sends his two domestics. Kō-śeen-sǎng read the chapter. I have here three boys who learn the catechism daily."

In 1822 such advances had been made that divine service on the Lord's

day was regularly kept up, either in Macao or Canton—I believe in the former. Such was the slow but certain progress of the truth at its first introduction to China.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS EDUCATIONAL LABORS.

IN 1817 Mr. Morrison accompanied a British embassy to Peking—partly for the benefit of his health. He came back much recruited, and resumed his former duties and labors. During this journey, and even earlier than this, his mind as well as that of Mr. Milne had been directed to the establishment of a monthly magazine; and as Mr. Milne, in the same year and the following, was engaged in connection with a printing press at Malacca, it was thought to be a favorable time for prosecuting their proposed plan for a periodical.

A monthly magazine, under the direction of Mr. Morrison and Mr. Milne,

was therefore established in Malacca, in 1818 ; and soon after a quarterly, called the Gleaner. At the same time Mr. Morrison most strenuously urged the importance of sending out agents qualified to write and print books which would tend to counteract the baneful tendency of the popular literature of China. He set an example of this, it is said, by employing two presses, at his own expense, for that purpose.

In the year 1817 the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, in consequence of certain books he had published and was publishing, gave him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

Not far from this time, as it appears, some benevolent individual contributed four thousand dollars, to be devoted to a building of certain dimensions, to be erected at Malacca, and to be called the

Anglo-Chinese College; the main purpose of which should be the cultivation of the Chinese language. Dr. Morrison took a deep interest in this matter, and appropriated out of his small property, toward the building, several thousand dollars, besides five hundred dollars a year toward its funds; and, in addition to all this, made very valuable presents of books to the library. This most certainly manifested zeal in the cause of education, and a disinterestedness which, though properly becoming a missionary, was hardly to be expected.

But he went still further in his liberality. He drew up, with much care, and after long reflection and much study, a general plan for the proposed college, which appears to have been in the highest degree acceptable; for no sooner was the plan made known, and a circular sent

round, than two thousand five hundred dollars were subscribed to it in Canton alone. The London Missionary Society also made a grant to it of two thousand five hundred dollars.

Dr. Morrison was, however, greatly aided in this scheme by the Rev. Mr. Milne.

At a still later period, when the existence of an Anglo-Chinese college could no longer be considered as problematical, Dr. Morrison appropriated two thousand five hundred dollars to the funds of the college—making, in all, a benefaction of five thousand dollars to the institution, besides five hundred dollars a year, to defray, in part, its current expenses.

CHAPTER XIV.

HIS GREAT WORK AS A PIONEER.

IN a former chapter I have alluded to some of those things which are generally supposed to belong particularly to the missionary's province, namely, preaching, visiting, &c. But all his labors—certainly all, except his translations for the East India Company—were missionary labors; and they were, as we have already seen, neither few nor small. One would be apt to think he had already done enough for any living man, but he felt as though his labors were hardly begun.

It is truly surprising how much can be crowded into the life of one man! And perhaps Dr. Morrison was reserved

by Heaven—among other blessings conferred upon his race—to stand before the world, as in this respect, one of its brightest and most enviable examples.

The *literary* labors of Dr. Morrison have, I believe, attracted most attention ; and they are certainly wonderful—perhaps, considering the time he labored, not surpassed by any individual of ancient or modern times. Dr. Cotton Mather may have written more volumes, but he lived and labored much longer. And, in later times, Peter Parley and Jacob Abbott may have also written more ; but one thousand pages of some of their productions have scarcely required the toil of one hundred of Dr. Morrison's.

His Chinese Dictionary alone is a monument of his patience and perseverance that must stand forever ! It

consisted of three parts. The first part is in three quarto volumes, comprising two thousand seven hundred and twenty-two pages, on an average of more than nine hundred pages a volume. - The number of Chinese characters explained is about forty thousand. The second part is in two volumes. It contains twelve thousand six hundred and eighty symbols, indicated by four hundred and eleven monosyllables. The third part is a volume of about five hundred quarto pages, containing English words and phrases rendered into Chinese, and sundry other useful matter.

Next comes his great work, the translation of the Scriptures into Chinese. Eliot, the Indian apostle, has been looked upon as nearly equivalent to the eighth wonder of the world, because he translated the Bible into the dialect of

the native Indians of Massachusetts ; but, Herculean as his task may have been, is it for a moment to be compared with the tediousness of translating the Bible into Chinese ?

I cannot describe this mighty work. I did not intend to do it. If any reader is curious to see it, he must call at the Library of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions ; or at some of our libraries connected with colleges or theological seminaries, where it will doubtless be preserved, as Eliot's Indian Bible is, as a literary curiosity. He will at least find it at the library of Harvard University.

He wrote also a Chinese Grammar, consisting of nearly three hundred quarto pages, which doubtless cost him a vast amount of labor ; but it is not easy to describe it.

“A View of China, for Philological Purposes,” is spoken of as a work of merit. It treats of chronology, government, geography, time, festivals, and religion. It is certainly curious, at least, to the antiquarian. It is a work of one hundred and forty-one quarto pages.

One of his works was entitled, “A Vocabulary of the Canton Dialect.” It is in three parts, and is at once curious and useful.

“The Chinese Miscellany” was published by Dr. Morrison while he was in England, on a visit, a few years before he died. It contained much information, of a popular kind, on the language, literature, and character of the Chinese; but does not seem to have attracted so much attention as his more laborious works.

The Liturgy of the Church of En-

gland was also translated by Dr. Morrison into Chinese. It is well spoken of, and had, in its day, a very considerable circulation in the East.

I have alluded to his visit to England already. While there, a volume of Dialogues, Chinese and English, which had been prepared before he left China, was printed by an individual connected with the British Factory at Canton; but I have seen no particular account of it.

In one of his letters to a friend, dated Canton, 1808, he mentions a brief outline of Christianity which he had drawn up in the form of a catechism; but it does not appear to have been a work of much toil. It was written rather as an amusement, or as a relief from severer labors.

A Chinese tract is mentioned in one of his letters to his brother, written about

the year 1811, of which he had a thousand copies printed at his own expense.

About the year 1812 he translated and sent to England some specimens of Chinese literature, taken from the maxims of Confucius and the History of Foe, the deified literati of China. They were printed in England, but were mere children's books.

According to an intimation thrown out in his biography, he wrote, at full length, a journal of a visit to Peking, in company with a British embassy, in the summer of 1816, which was published in England, and the avails of it given for the support of a poor family.

He wrote, with the aid of the Rev. Mr. Milne, a "Retrospect of the First Ten Years of the Protestant Mission to China." It was published, I believe, at Malacca. This was in the year 1817.

Another work, the "*Horæ Sinicæ*," is mentioned, but I have seen no particular description of it.

In 1819, or perhaps a year or two before, Dr. Morrison drew up and published a little book, called, "*A Voyage Round the World*." It was designed to enlarge the minds of the lower classes of the Chinese, in respect to the world and its inhabitants generally, and to introduce among them some of the essentials of Christianity. Connected with it was a map, on which he very ingeniously contrived to make prominent the birthplace and residence of the Saviour.

Another small treatise appeared about the same time with the latter. It was called, "*Detached Remarks*, intended to settle the Phraseology used in Chinese Discourse; and to contrast the

Principles of the Budh, Mohammedan, and Confucian sects with those of true Religion."

In a letter, written Feb. 26, 1832, he speaks of his "Domestic Instructor," and also of his "Scripture Lessons," as works of practical importance. He says they "afford a historical, doctrinal, and practical view of our holy religion." The latter does not seem to have been much more than a mere tract, and yet it cost him labor. The Domestic Instructor was extended to four octavo volumes.

A little work, called his "Parting Memorial," was written, it appears, on leaving England the last time, and published in that country. It had a slight resemblance, as I suppose, to our modern annuals, only it was entirely a missionary work.

I have mentioned in another place his contributions to sundry periodicals at Malacca, got up by him and Mr. Milne. Then he contributed largely to two Canton papers—the Canton Register and the Chinese Repository. Besides all these he published a sort of quarto periodical which he called the “Evangelist and Miscellanea Sinica,” and quite a number of tracts of various kinds and sizes, and printed some of his sermons and other public documents.

And lastly,—for I will not proceed to notice more of his labors as a pioneer to missions,—he was employed a good deal, toward the close of his life, on a work which he was accustomed to call his *great work*, and which appears to have been essentially a Commentary, in Chinese, on the Bible; but he did not live to finish it. It was begun in

1826, and he only lived eight years after that.

I have thus finished my detail of what he himself justly regarded as his great work, as a pioneer to the missionary enterprise. He did not expect to do much in the way of preaching; and he was, in this respect, truly wise. There were not wanting, however, those who smiled at the idea of converting the heathen by means of books, tracts, and papers: among them was his venerable instructor, Dr. Bogue, of Gosport. His reply was as follows:—

“Our venerable friend Dr. Bogue seems to underrate books as a means of converting heathen nations. I see no occasion for this jealousy. Our Saviour uses, I think, various means. Missionaries, and books, and colleges also are useful; though none of the means

of salvation are without their defects. Books lie unheeded—missionaries become careless or immoral—colleges degenerate—where is there perfection on earth?

CHAPTER XV.

OTHER COLLATERAL LABORS.

FEW people have anything like a correct idea of the vast amount of letter-writing which often devolves upon public men, especially those who are situated as Dr. Morrison was. President Fisk, of the Wesleyan University in Connecticut, for example, received and answered no less than seven hundred and twenty-five letters in the course of about two years of his public life. This was an average of more than two a day, Sundays excluded.

There are no data from which we can form anything like a tolerable estimate of the number of letters Dr. Morrison wrote. I have already alluded to the

fact of his writing a very large number when on his first voyage out to China, but this was in circumstances very different from those of his subsequent life. There is, however, one fact more which may be interesting. In a letter to one of his British friends, written only a few days more than a year after his arrival in Canton, he says, "I yesterday received your very welcome letter. It is but the second that I have received, after having written at least two hundred."

Now these letters of missionaries are not apt to be short: sometimes they cover at least two sheets. But suppose two hundred letters to average four pages only; here, in these eight hundred pages of Dr. Morrison's, was material for several large volumes, had they been printed.

His translations for the East India Company, together with his other labors for that society, were numerous, extensive, and toilsome. A task for which such a company should be willing to pay a large salary, as a mere matter of business, could not have been light.

Another thing which Dr. Morrison did, worthy of being mentioned among his collateral labors, was the establishment of a medical dispensary for the benevolent treatment of Chinese invalids. This was in the year 1820. Dr. Morrison expended on this institution a vast deal of money. He purchased for it a Chinese medical library of over eight hundred volumes. It was said by competent judges to be useful. Three hundred patients, in one instance, are mentioned as having been cured in a very few months.

His efforts to establish a college—with the aid of Mr. Milne—at Malacca have been mentioned. An attempt was made to establish a similar institution at Singapore, toward which Dr. Morrison gave much time and labor, besides subscribing one thousand five hundred dollars, and aiding in the purchase of a piece of land for the college; but it ultimately failed, and the labor and money were lost.

He appears to have been active and influential in forming, at Canton, about the year 1828, a museum. It included not only the productions of nature, but those also of art. It was called the British Museum.

A library of Chinese books, procured at an expense of not less than ten thousand dollars, was also collected by Dr. Morrison, and carried to England, with the intention of presenting it to any

college or university there that would institute a professorship of the Chinese language. I do not learn that his offer was ever accepted, but the books remained in England.

Some of his books were published at his own expense. For one in particular, the Domestic Instructor, he paid out one thousand dollars. How far this money was made up to him by sales does not appear. The London Missionary Society, in general, were liberal with him ; but sometimes they appear to have acted in a manner somewhat different from what he had expected.

It may be surprising to many how he could obtain so much money to expend ; for we have seen that for three or four objects alone—the colleges at Malacca and Singapore, the medical institution and library, and the library he took out

to England—he expended about twenty thousand dollars.

But we must remember his large salary from the British Factory. This it was that enabled him, besides sustaining a large family, in sickness and health, at home, at school, and in traveling abroad, to give away so much. He received from two thousand five hundred to five thousand dollars a year for many years; and at the close of his life they were about to employ him for another three years at six thousand five hundred dollars a year. Dr. Morrison was one of those who, if they obtain money, are sure to scatter and not to hoard it. At his death he bequeathed the sum of one thousand dollars, to be disposed of by the British East India Company for religious purposes.

CHAPTER XVI.

DR. MORRISON'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

AFTER having spent sixteen years in China, and been subjected to trials almost innumerable, especially the toils and exhaustion of translating and preparing books, Dr. Morrison found it necessary for health, as well as for other purposes, that he should make a voyage to England.

His two children, it would seem, had been sent thither already, and placed at school, under the general care of his brother, Mr. James Morrison. His object still was to fit them to be useful to the missionary cause in China—the land he had adopted.

He sailed from Canton in December,

1823, and arrived in England in March, 1824. He hastened, as soon as circumstances would permit, to see his children and his relatives at Newcastle, and to indulge himself once more, for a very short time, in traversing the streets with which "a poor bashful boy," as he calls himself, had been so familiar thirty years before. His son, whom as well as his daughter he found well, was now fifteen or sixteen years of age.

After visiting his friends, he returned to London early in May, to be present at the anniversary meetings of that metropolis. He took his son with him, that he might interest him still more, if possible, in the great work to which he had in his heart dedicated him.

During the remainder of the year he visited France, Ireland, Scotland, and the principal towns of England; and

endeavored to awaken a public interest in foreign missions, especially the mission to China. I have only room to say that he was everywhere kindly and even warmly received.

In November, 1824, he was again married; and in December he went, with his wife, to spend the winter in London. His children were at the same time removed from school in Lancashire, and made members once more of his family.

While in London, at this time he was instrumental in the formation of what was called a "Language Institution;" the object of which was the cultivation of human languages generally. To this society he granted the use of his Chinese library and museum. He also, for three months, gave lectures to the society. Several of the hearers of the lectures

became, in the end, foreign missionaries.

The next spring—that of 1825—he removed to the village of Hackney, near London. A part of his time was spent in traveling, and a part in literary labors. Such a man, we may be assured, could not have been otherwise than usefully employed.

He set sail for China May 1st, 1826, taking with him his wife and children. Their passage was not slow; they arrived at Singapore in one hundred and twelve days. Here they staid about a fortnight.

One incident of the voyage is sufficiently remarkable to be recorded. When they were in the Indian Ocean, within a few days' sail of the islands of Java and Sumatra, a mutiny arose in the vessel. At first the number of the

mutineers was small. They simply banded themselves together, and took an oath, on the Bible, to stand by each other to resist oppression. Whether they had been really oppressed by the captain and other officers I do not know.

The mutineers were greatly exasperated, and their numbers were increasing. They had assembled in the fore-castle, and were at length the strongest party. The captain and officers began to think of loading their pistols, and, with them and the other arms, attempting to dislodge the mutineers. But they defied all their threats, and refused to accept any conditions but such as they themselves proposed.

The captain was alarmed, as well he might be, and so were the passengers. The mutineers had declared that if but a

single pistol was fired at them, they would draw their knives and rush at once on the officers. They talked, also, of turning two of the guns upon Dr. Morrison and his family, and the rest of the passengers: and what they did not kill they said they would sell to the Malays as slaves.

In this hour and moment of severe trial the captain appealed to Dr. Morrison, and begged him to go to the fore-castle, and try to reason with them—promising that if they would return to duty they should not be hurt.

The friends of Dr. Morrison cried out at once, and entreated him not to expose himself to such imminent danger; but he went, and succeeded in securing their attention entirely for some time.

It was not long before he had the satisfaction of seeing them all go peace-

fully to their work, except the ring-leader. He was not convinced. He still threatened, and held up a weapon of attack ; upon which he was seized, tied up, and flogged. Two or three others, who came to his rescue, were treated in the same manner ; and two or three were put in irons.

It was surprising to observe how much power the reasoning of Dr. Morrison had. He was, no doubt, the instrument of their preservation from destruction. But the doctor was greatly pained to see the malcontents punished—so contrary to what they expected from his assurances. It was the captain's error : he had authorized Dr. Morrison to promise them that they should not be touched if they gave up at once ; and Dr. Morrison could not control the captain.

I spoke of the arrival and rest of Dr. Morrison and his family at Singapore. From thence they went to Macao, September 5, and arrived there September 19, all in tolerable health. Dr. Morrison had suffered most during the passage; but his suffering arose chiefly from his too close and too constant application to study; for he had his study hours and his general system, and worked just as hard while at sea as while at home on the land.

Arrived now at his former residence, he found that an absence of two years had made great changes. Everything appeared to be in a state of dilapidation. Above all, and what was the severest loss of all, his books were also nearly destroyed by the white ants and other troublesome insects peculiar to those regions. His house and grounds could be

repaired, but of his ability to replace his library there was room for doubt. However, he had lived long enough to know the truth of that philosophy, which everybody admits, whether or not they practice accordingly, that "what cannot be cured must be endured."

Dr. Morrison's family, subsequently to his return from England to China with his second wife, continued to reside at Macao as before, with the exception of his eldest son, who was chiefly with him at Canton. There were three younger children born to him after his return, all of whom went to England, a few months before his death, with their mother.

It will let the reader into the character of Dr. Morrison a little more fully, perhaps, if, in closing this chapter, I quote from a page of his journal, written

soon after his return from England. I will not say that Dr. Morrison related the anecdote because he was deeply interested in its philosophy and good sense, and yet I suppose it was so.

“I met, this morning, with this little Chinese story. Hooshaou was a very poor man, yet he daily thanked Heaven for pure bliss. ‘What do you call pure bliss?’ said his wife to him one day. ‘We have nothing but our three daily meals of greens, rice, and water.’ He replied, ‘Happily we live in times of peace, and suffer none of the miseries which arise from conflicting armies; happily no one of our family suffers from hunger and cold; and happily none of us are laid on a bed of sickness, or immured in a prison. If this be not pure bliss, I know not what is.’”

CHAPTER XVII.

HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.

THE final departure of Dr. Morrison to the spirit-land was rather sudden. True, he had received, from time to time, many warnings; but he was, so far as the mere number of years of a man's life is concerned, in the very midst of his usefulness; and was laying out and prosecuting his plans of public good, just as he had been when younger.

On the 16th of July, 1834, only a fortnight before he died, he thus wrote in his journal:—

“I am to be styled ‘Chinese secretary and interpreter,’ and to have one thousand three hundred pounds a year. I am to wear a vice-consul's coat, with

king's buttons, when I can get one! His lordship [meaning Lord Napier] asked whether I accepted the appointment or not. I told him at once that I did. He then said he would forthwith make out my commission. Pray for me, [here he seems to be addressing his wife,] that I may be faithful to my blessed Saviour in the new place I have to occupy. It is rather an anomalous one for a missionary—a vice-consul's uniform instead of a preaching gown! People congratulate me: they view it, I believe, as a provision for my family, and in that sense congratulate me; but man, at his best estate, is altogether vanity."

A week later, which was just a week before his death, he started for Canton. While on his journey he was obliged to remain all night in an open boat, ex-

posed to the heat and a storm of rain ; and on his arrival in Canton he was subjected to considerable anxiety of mind, which was followed by his usual terrible headache, and great debility. And, to add to the other evil tendencies, on the 25th he says, " In walking through the hot sun to-day, from this house to the company's,—where Lord Napier is,—I was likely to drop in the streets, and have been groaning on my couch ever since."

The next day his duties were anxious and laborious. Then followed a Sabbath, which to every minister is more or less exhausting, and Dr. Morrison did not spare himself on that day.

Next day was, as his journal says, "a tiresome day." But his weakness and pain increased. His son John was now with him, but the rest of his family





DR. MORRISON'S TOMB AT MACAO.

had gone to England. On Tuesday he was worse; but a physician was not called till Wednesday. Thursday he seemed better; but on Thursday evening a raging fever set in.

Other physicians were called. Bleeding was resorted to, as cupping had been before, but it did him harm. All day Friday he was sinking, till about ten o'clock in the evening, when he expired.

His family, except his son John, were, as I observed before, gone to England. He was waiting with great patience to hear of their safe arrival; but the privilege was not permitted him. Letters reached China in a few days, but too late for him to see them.

His body was conveyed to Macao, and buried near that of his first wife. Two or three individuals of distinction—among whom was the Rev. Edwin

Stevens, seamen's chaplain in the port of Canton—accompanied his remains to Macao; and Mr. Stevens read at his funeral the burial service.

Dr. Morrison, at the time of his death, was fifty-two years and seven months old. It is true that in regard to the amount of labor he performed, his life was a long one. He did more in twenty-seven years than most men have done in their whole lives! He conquered China, prospectively,—not by the sword, but by the Bible. The name of Morrison will be remembered and honored in all coming time. His efforts and example were a fitting introduction to all the missionary labors that have since been and will hereafter be devoted to the evangelization of that vast empire.

THE END.

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